

All That Is Mine Ends Here.

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/14897346) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/14897346>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham , Hannibal Lecter , their dogs
Additional Tags:	Smut , Fluff , Vakkrehejm 'verse , Post-Fall (Hannibal)
Language:	English
Series:	Part 23 of Tomorrow was our Golden Age .
Stats:	Published: 2018-06-10 Words: 912 Chapters: 1/1

All That Is Mine Ends Here.

by [Zigzagwanderer](#)

Summary

I decided to write a gift for TheSeaVoices today, and ninety minutes later, here it is! If it had been 90 words it would have been really cool, but there you go. This comes after 'Stand Inside Your Love'. Will and Hannibal survived the Fall and live together on Vakkrehejm, an island in the Sarvia archipelago in the chilly Baltic sea. Their pseudonyms are Eirik and Thomas Buckley.

Moss and hard bark.

Will mutters with his head down.

His curls are catching in the wood, he curls his fingers into the wood, the curl of his shoulders is towards the wood.

Hannibal gets to his feet. Digs in with his feet.

His front to *his* back.

Hannibal's shinbones are filthy and, in places, bloody. His eyes are a monster's eyes. He just licks at his own dripping mouth, his teeth. He puts his teeth, dripping, against the bar of muscle at Will's neck.

Bites. In. Kisses.

Will shuffles on the thorns. His feet are wounded. The moss is cold and has a sweet rankness about it that they can both smell as they tear it apart with their nails and toes and heels.

"Fuck me, then," Will says, and the noiseless wood at the north of their island takes these words in, takes their noise, for their pleas and promises are only the pleas and promises of the wood itself.

Ancient, and the same.

So, the silence takes them in. Their breath. Their gouging and pulling apart of love.

"Love. Love." Hannibal spits it out, along with the saliva and blood he is gathering in his pinched-together, rubbing-together fingertips. "You."

Need. Maybe this is the root.

And Will is moss and hard bark in Hannibal's hand.

And Will pushes down.

Oh, to be the unending filth and greenblood. The noiselessness and the noise and the wet, sweet thickening of it all.

Will grows until he is all around Hannibal; until he is their northern woods.

And he comes as Hannibal comes, inside Will and inside the woods, rank and sweet and thick.

"I said that I love you," Hannibal pants this out as he holds Will up against the tree.

"Yeah." Will has green mould along his cheekbone. And his elbows and the inside of his wrists. And he has blood there.

“I cannot tell if it is conventionally true.”

Will shakes things out of his hair and slips his hands all over Hannibal’s hard wet skin. “I know. S’okay.”

The boys return to the clearing. Conn pisses all over their clothes, dropped as their things are, scattered among the undergrowth.

They walk back to their little white house without getting dressed.

“You wanted to show me something.” Will is slipping in and out of smiles. “Before. Before I, I, we...God, I’m dirty and I’m too old for this and I’m tired.”

He is grinning, looking at Hannibal.

“You are beautiful,” Hannibal corrects. “And I believe that was what diverted me earlier.”

“What was it then? That you wanted me to see? A fancy mushroom?”

“I wanted us to go through the woods to the shore. To look at the view.”

Will suddenly stops. Frowns. “I don’t think I would have enjoyed that. Not now.”

West from the pointed end of Vakkrehejm is nothing but grey, blue, green.
And one small island.

“Fucking Aho.” Will is angry, and he is unused to wanting such things as land, roots, declarations of love.

The fucking lawyer has just bought Torre, Will’s favourite of the archipelago’s skerries and islets.

It is just a whale-back of grey in the blue.

There is only room for one brush-head of thin, upstanding trees. A gritty beach.

Will has no idea why he loves it, why he wanted it.

He picks bark from his hair. “If I had even known you could fucking *own* it.”
He had thought that Torre belonged to the sea, and the sky.

“I don’t even want to see it right now. Now that I can’t go there anymore. I want to kill him.”

“Yes, indeed. But you do not need to,” Hannibal puts his hand down to touch Sandy on the head. “Unless you would like to, of course.”

Will kisses Hannibal. It is unclean, as kisses go, but for Will, this is love, so he does it anyway.

“So?” Will puts his head to Hannibal’s shoulder. Which is also unclean. “You wanted to show me something I can’t have? Are we returning to our glory days of cruelty and cunning?”

“No.” Hannibal explains. “I wanted to show you something that you do have. That you own, outright and in perpetuity. I bought Torre for you, yesterday, Will. From Aho. Or, if you prefer, from *fucking* Aho.”

Will looks up.

Hannibal scrapes at a stain on Will’s jaw. Will sees that Hannibal’s wedding band is ingrained with moss and mud. His is the same.

“How? He only got it to keep me off it.”

“I set up a fraudulent corporation and approached him through it. The offer, it was strongly insinuated, was a generous one, for the purposes of laundering money around the Baltic. Then, I ensured that a faked geological survey reached him which showed that the structure of the island was unstable and would likely succumb to the action of sea erosion within five years. He signed the paperwork in the morning and I had the deed made over to the name of Thomas Buckley last night.”

Will is staring. He takes a step backwards.

Hannibal is naked and covered with soil. He has scratches all over him.

He is carrying Will’s dog-piss-soaked jeans over one arm.

Sandy and Conn circle him, as he has stopped on their lawn and it is lunch-time.

“And you’re not certain,” Will asks slowly, “if you love me?”

Hannibal considers.

And the woods are silent to the north, as Will begins to laugh.

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